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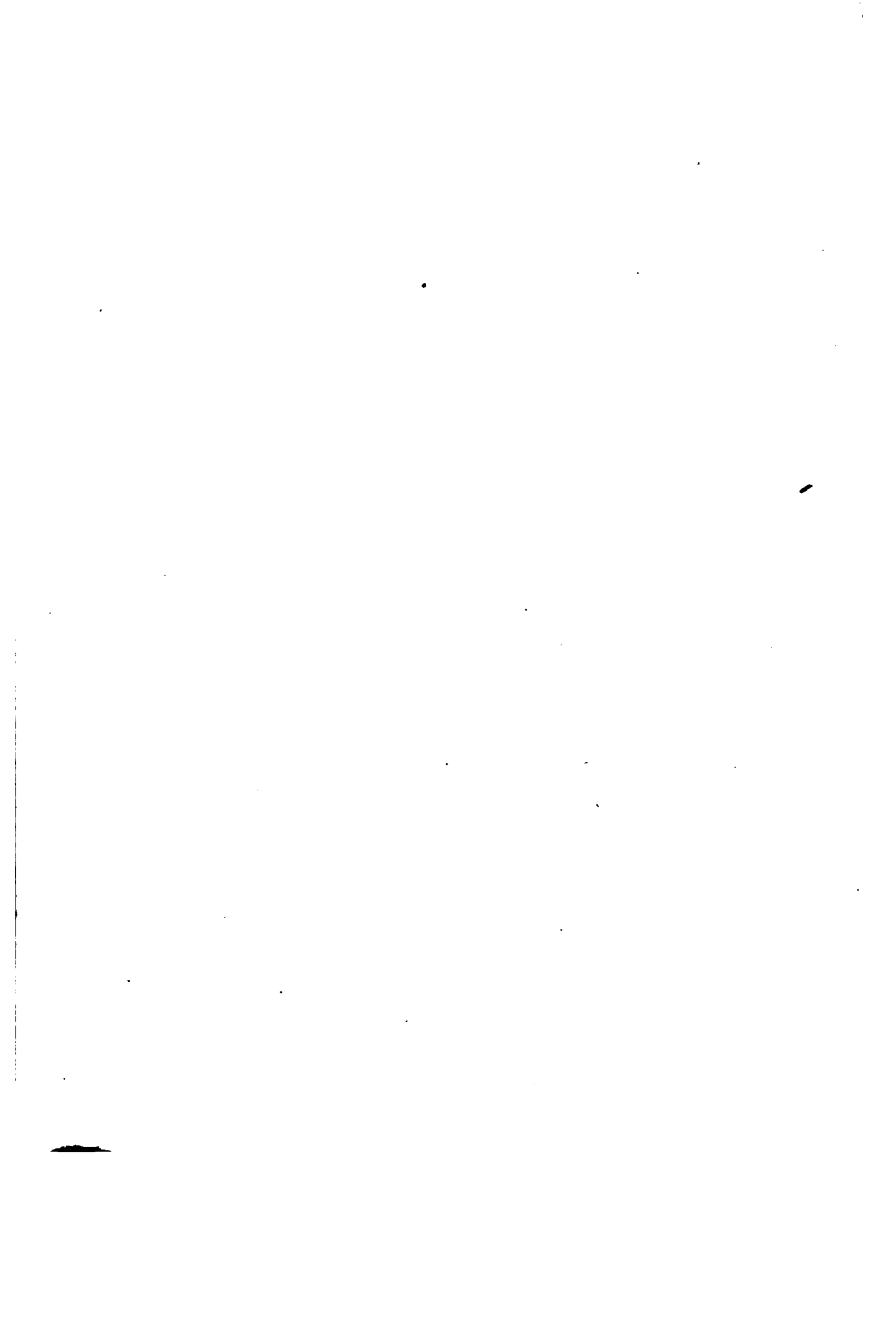
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*June 28*

1897

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*From W. D. Johnston*  
*June 23 '97*

THE  
KAIM OF MATHERS:

AN HISTORICAL TALE:

RESPECTING BARCLAY, ITS LAIRDS &c., of 1424-38

AND VERSES ON

DEN-FINELLA.

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"'Tis an old tale, and often told."

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**Montrose:**

D. P. DAVIDSON, PRINTER and PUBLISHER.

1880.

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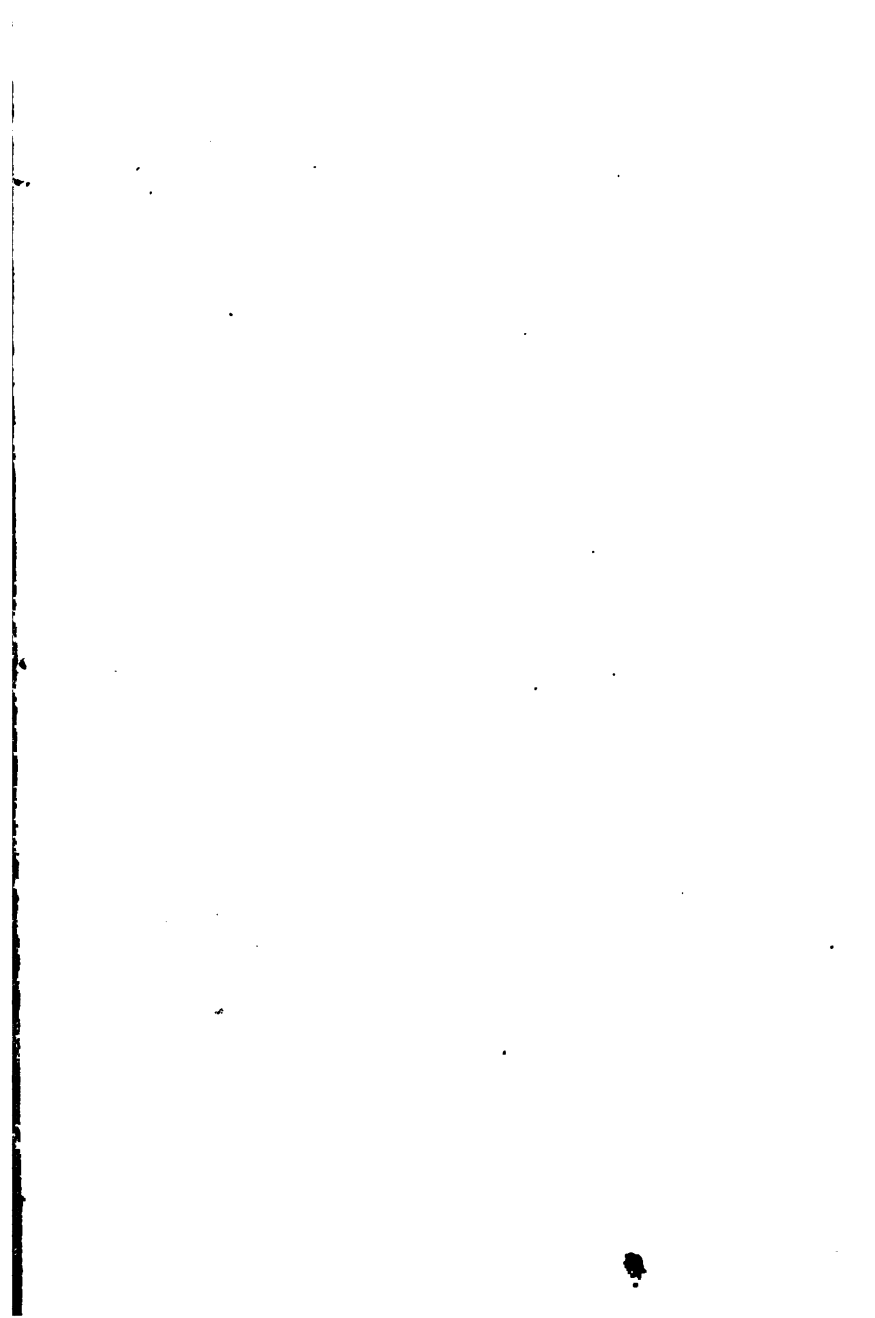
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THE 71687  
KAIM OF MATHERS:

AN HISTORICAL TALE;

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AND VERSES ON

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FIFTH EDITION.

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Montrose:

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1880.





## INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

By D. M'GREGOR PATER.

" 'Tis an old tale, and often told :  
Of five rude Mearn's barons bold !"

**S**IR WALTER SCOTT, Bart. of Abbotsford, in noticing a similar horrible death : by boiling in a caldron, of Lord Soulis, writes—"The tradition regarding the death of Lord Soulis, however singular, is not without its parallel in the History of Scotland. The same extraordinary mode of *cookery* was actually practised (*horresco referens*), upon the body of a Sheriff of the Mearns, &c., (*See Border Minstrelsy*, p.p. 406).

In 1850, I was called to West Mathers to see a Coat-of-Arms, found while carting away the debris of the Kaim (i.e. *Fortress*), of Mathers. I saw at once that the panel contained, in bold relief, the Arms of David Barclay, who built the castle about 1424. Those Arms are : (Azure) "A Cheveron, between three crosses, pattie." (Argent) The shield is leaning *bend-sinister-wise*, the dexter corner about the middle of the Morion, (or steel cap) which is placed for a helmet, with two ostrich feathers at each side, instead of

Montlings. Over the Morion is placed the Crest—an Eagle's head erased. It may here be observed, that at that period (1424) very few shields were borne *erect*, being generally placed *ben loise*. Therefore this would seem an instance of "complete reversal"—which was a "*Mark of degradation*, denoting some ungentlemanly or disloyal act, stain, or vice," on the part of the bearer. But as there is no recorded instance of such having been borne, this would seem to indicate a "voluntary abatement"—to indicate Barclay's repentance of the horrible deed, and his loyalty to King James II. This old stone panel measuring about 20in. by 12in. is very little marked by the "tooth of time" and when cleared of the moss of nearly five centuries, is almost as entire as when first put up over the strong double portcullised doorway of the old baronial Kaim of Mathers in 1424, by order of David Barclay. This was a Tower of about 40 ft. square, and 4 storeys high, with battlements; and perched like an eagle's eyrie on a cliff 50 ft. high, jutting into the sea, on the bold rocky coast of Ecclesgreig, (*i.e.* Kirk of the Rock). In 1780 there is said to have been only about 12 feet in height of the walls left by the encroachments of the sea. The high cliffs of Ecclesgreig or St. Cyrus are remarkably well known for producing great varieties of agates and jaspers, which are found embedded in breccia, and the rough weather-beaten face of the crags present myriads of fine pebbles. The Kaim is now a lonely relic of an ancient baronial stronghold: a special memento of the rude and barbarous times of our forefathers, about 6 miles N.E. from Montrose. It was the castle of David Barclay (the first who wrote his name so) baron of Kirktonhill and Johnston, Mearns, and these were portions of the

barony of Mearns, granted by William the Lion (1165-1214) to the progenitor Humphrey de Berkley, (brother of Walter de Berkley, son of the de Berkeleys of the county Gloucester, England ; who got the barony of Inverkeillor in 1156, from King William, to whom he was Chamberlain ; who left an only daughter, Miss Berkeley of Inverkeillor, now Redcastle, who married Ingleram de Baliol, Lord of Harcourt, England, Lord of Galloway ; who was grandfather to King John Baliol. In 1351, Alexander de Berkeley married Catherine, eldest sister of Sir William Keith, of Dunotter, Knight Marischal of Scotland, and got the Lands of Mathers in dowry with her. He was born of the fifth generation after Humphrey, and the said David Barclay of Mathers, &c., was great-grandson of said Alexander Berkeley and Catherine Keith, and father of Colonel David Barclay, who purchased the estate of Urie in 1633.

### ERCOWNIE'S KETTLE.

IN 1438, while James II. was residing at Redcastle Inverkeillor, on a hunting excursion, he was waited upon by five Mearns's barons, with great complaints against Sheriff Philip Melvil of Glenbervie, for the too rigorous exercise of his authority. The irascible Monarch being often annoyed by such complaints, passionately exclaimed :—"Sorra gif he were sodden and supped in broo!!! " They quickly withdrew muttering—as your Majesty pleases! They soon laid a plot to carry out the King's words as if they were a command : they planned a hunting party to meet at a place in the Forest of Garvock, (long since transferred to the shades of oblivion), at a place now known by the names of

"Brownie's Kettle," *alias* "Shirra's Pot," a little to the east of Easter Tulloch's farm, on the road-side over the hill to Bervie. These rude barons had ordered a caldron to be filled with water, and boiled early on the morning, the Sheriff being unassuming was unattended, and when the hunters came to the kettle each and all pretended great surprise, and looking in all around, these five barons tumbled the Sheriff into the boiling caldron, and each being provided with a horn spoon, took a sup of the *filthy broo*; thereby pretending to obey the King's command. Fortunately in the enlightenment of the present day such a scene as has now been recorded, would be spurned by even the most vile wretches of humanity.

#### ST. CYRUS VILLAGE.

THE graceful church of St. Cyrus, with its spire and clock, stands on the summit of the bold rocky coast; while the remains of the old one lies below at the base of the cliffs, surrounded by the old churchyard of the parish, which contains the burial-places of these ancient baronial families, *viz*—Barclays of Mathers; Stratons of Kirkside; Stratons of Wardropertoun; and Stratons of Lauriston Castle.

George Beattie, Writer, Montrose, and author of *John o' Arnha' &c.*, is interred on the spot he selected for his unhappy purpose. He had travelled from Montrose at night with his loaded pistol, where he shot himself dead. He is interred at the west dike of this very lonely churchyard which is washed by the rolling waves of the German Ocean. His numerous friends have erected a fine white marble tablet to his memory, with an iron railing around his grave.

*Peace to his ashes!*

Whoever can appreciate true talent, literary accomplishments, integrity of character, refinement of feeling, and geniality of disposition, will feel a mournful satisfaction in perusing the following Epitaph, composed by so eminent a man as the late James Burness Esq., of Rennyfield, Ex-provost and Town-clerk of Montrose; who was a cousin of the poet, R. Burness, *alias* Burns, (Burness being the original name). The poet declared himself chief of the name, and assumed for his crest—on a bay branch, vert, a woodlark. Motto—better a wee bush than nae bield.

D. M'G. P.

**To the Memory of  
GEORGE BEATTIE,**

(Writer in Montrose)

*Who died 29th Sept. 1823, in the 38th Year of his age.*

BY THE FRIENDS

Who loved him in Life, and lamented him in Death.

---

IN HIS DISPOSITION

HE WAS

**JUST, CHARITABLE AND BENEVOLENT.**

IN HIS PRINCIPLES

**FIRM AND INDEPENDENT.**

IN HIS GENIUS

**FORCIBLE AND PATHETIC.**

AND IN HIS MANNERS

**PLAIN AND SOCIABLE.**

His virtues are deeply engraved in the hearts of those  
who knew him;

And his Literary Productions will be admired

While taste for Original Humour lasts,

And vigorous Expression remains.

29th September, 1824.

The following legend first appeared in the columns of the Dundee Magazine for 1822, with the accompanying note—

SIR,

I BEG leave to send you a copy of the following legend, which I lately received from a *virtuoso*. I shall not pretend to say whether it is genuine ; but my friend insists that it was *done into verse* by a brother of St. Thomas's Abbey, Arbroath. He also accounts for its English style by saying, that the author was originally in some Abbey (I think St. Alban's) in England. It was after much argument that my friend allowed me to add a few notes to it ; but when I proposed to modernise the style he had nearly withdrawn the M.S., and declared it was little less than sacrilege : therefore I have copied it verbatim.

B.







# THE KAIM OF MATHERS,<sup>†</sup>

## A TALE OF DOOL AND WOE.

### Parte I.

'T WAS all within Redcastle's towert,  
So merrie was the nyght;  
Kyng James, our sov'reign liege was there,  
Wyth peers of stalwart myght.

And they did quaffe the gude brown ale  
In cuppes of gold so sheen;  
And they dyd syng the mynstrelle's song  
Of deeds that erst had been.

Up spake the kyng with kynllie hearte,  
And eke with meikle grace:  
"Whae'er hath oughte of grief to tell,  
Now tell it to mie face.

\* An old Tower-upon a cliff that overhangs the sea, in the parish of St. Cyrus, about six miles to the north-east of Montrose.

† Built by King William the Lion. Its ruins are still standing on a mound at the bottom of Lunan Bay.

For whilome in mie prison pent  
 Bie Henrie's\* yron hand,  
 I heard the tales of lethal strife  
 Wythin mie Scottish land.

Now woe betyde the man wha strives  
 In angry raid and feud !  
 Hym shall we hang on gallows tree  
 Wha scaiths hys neyghbour's gude.

"Mie liege," quod ane of gloomy speeche  
 (Which struck them alle wyth awe)  
 I claim the freedom whych ye gyve,  
 And bryng the loon to lawe.

The Sheriffe of our Merne's land  
 Is ane of wycked hearte,  
 And many a wyfe bye his misdeeds,  
 Hath borne a the wydowe's parte :

For he hath ta'en the laird's best steed,  
 And the ladie's golden ryng :  
 And all he saith, in guerdon due  
 To James our sovereign kyng.

"Now," quod the kyng, in wrathful haste  
 And choler hotte as flame,  
 What manne is he wha synneth so,  
 And in hys sovereign's name ?

It bootes me not to speer hys kyn,—  
 A traytour false is he :—  
 I care ne though the loon was seethed,  
 And eaten wyth the brie.

Ne mair the knyght did staie to hear,  
 But up he got wyth speed,  
 And, callyng to his servaunt, sed,  
 “ Make haste and bryng mie steed.”

Hys coal-black steed he vaulted onne,  
 And prycked hys flanks full sore,  
 Untyll thae were besprent and wet  
 So grievous all wyth gore.

And now he came besyde the Eske\*,—  
 Ane ryver deepe and wyde ;  
 He p'unged lym in and rode the streame,  
 Dysdaining wynd and tyde.

And now he came to Merne's land  
 And faster does he scoure,  
 Untyll behynd the green-clad woddes  
 He marketh Mather's tower.

Hys ladye sate within her room,  
 So gaudie and so gaie ;  
 She waited for her dear husbände,  
 And marvelled at hys staie.

\* Probably the South Esk is here meant. However he had both the  
 Eskes to cross on his way home.

"Oh tell me now, mie Marian lass,"  
 Unto her maid quod she,  
 Where dost thou think mie husband is?  
 He cometh not to me."

But when that she had spoken so,  
 Certes thae both dyd hear  
 Ane horsemanne galiop on the waie,  
 Who now approaches near.

'Twas Luath first that made a growl  
 When he the sound dyd marke ;  
 And then to meet his maister dear  
 He ran, and eke dyd barke.

The knyght stops at the castle doore,—  
 The ladie runs to hym :  
 "Gyve me a juge of wyne," quod he ;  
 "Mie head begyns to swym."

"O where, O where !" the ladye cryed,  
 "Hath mie true husband been ?  
 I trow 'twas at the Maison Dieu\*,  
 Or at Scyncyte Magdalene†.

And sure the Freers have started thee  
 Wyth tales of dool and woe :  
 I never saw thee look so wyld,  
 It therefore must be so."

\* A religious house in Brechin.

† A Chapel on the road between Brechin and Montrose. The burial ground is still used.

“Ladie,” quod he, “I hate the Freers,  
 And all the tales thae tell ;  
 Thaer Kirkzard sprites confound me not,  
 I fear nae ghaist frae hell.

Thae call me aye the gloomy knyght ;  
 I was not born to laugh.  
 Gyn I have frowned thys parte of life,  
 I’ll frown the other half.”

Now, he hath told hys serving-manne  
 To wake hym from his bedde,  
 Soon as Dan Sol upon the sea  
 Should shew hys golden hedde.

But ne’er a word dyd he reveal  
 Unto hys ladie dear  
 Of what he was to do next morn,—  
 Though you shall quickly hear.

## Parte II.

THE huntsman’s merrie horn hath wound  
 Its call so loud and shrille ;  
 And manie a knyght and nymble steed  
 Hath met on Garvock hylle.

Pittarow’s gallaunt knyght was there,  
 And the laird of Laurystown ;  
 Glenberry with hys brothers twae  
 And Edzell with hys sonne.

The wycked Sheriff too was there,  
 Philip Melville was hys name ;  
 And twenty more frae the sea coast,  
 With gloomie Urie came.

Now up thae mount with fleet griehound,  
 And through the forest steer :  
 Thae thynk nought of the goodlie syght,  
 But thae thynk upon the deer:

Thae thynk not of the fair countrie  
 That liggeth low and sweet ;  
 The woddes, and streames, and parkes so green  
 And Conveth\* at their feet :

Thae thynk not of the Grampyans hygh,  
 That ryse upon thaer view ;  
 Of Clachnabane wyth crowne of stane,  
 And Battack's head so blue.

But onne thae ryde with cheerie haste ;  
 "Tantyrrie ! ho !" thae crie :  
 The leafie wodde shakes back the sound,  
 And makes the lyche replie.

Thae gallop east, thae gallop west,  
 And round the hylle thae chase :  
 The fox squats deeper in hys lair,  
 And maulkin quyttes her place.

The birds are fryghted from thaer nests,  
 The raven dull doth croak,  
 The owlette starteth from hys sleep,  
 Hys cradle the dark green oak.

\* The ancient name of Laurencekirk.

But ne'er a stag that daie is seen  
 Y-skiping through the glade,—  
 Albeit the menne ilk lessel beat,  
 Albeit the griehounds bayed.

So now 'tis time to thynk of rest,  
 All worn and spent with moil:  
 "Then blow the horn, good John of Cair"  
 "And let us cease from toil."

He stood wythin a narrow dell,  
 Just eastward of the hyll;  
 And John of Cair has wound his horn,  
 That blew so loud and shrylle.

There knyght and laird, and carle also,  
 And panting griehound came;  
 Thae all dyd wear a woefull face—  
 For why? Thae caught no game.

Wythin the dell a blazing fire  
 Of faggots meetlie ryven,  
 Dyd burn around so cheerylie,  
 And sent its smeeke to heaven.

And onne' the fyre a dayntie pottle  
 (Or Caldron it mote be):  
 Seyncte Marie's bell is not so bigge  
 That ryngeth in Dundee.

The fyre does burn—the pottle does boil,  
 And “hubble, hubble,” cries ;  
 For it was fylled wyth water fair,  
 And barlie grots lykewyse.

Thae squatted down uponne the ground,  
 Y-clad wyth plumie ferne ;  
 But some were seated higher up,  
 Upon a stonie cairn.

Ne wordes this dolefull council spake ;  
 But looked wyth eyen of yre,  
 Sometymes uponne the gloomie knyght—  
 Sometymes uponne the fyre.

Up spake the Sberiffe, and he sed,—  
 “Syth we have found it so  
 That there is nought whereof to eat,  
 Then homeward lette us go :

For I have there a goodlie dish,  
 Mie wyfe prepareth well ;  
 And she dyd byd me come to eat  
 Be chyme of Fordoun’s bell \*.”

“Then ” quod the knyght of gloomie face,  
 “Go home, if thet you maie ;  
 But we have here a feaste to eat  
 Upon thys huntynge daie.

\* His residence was at Kincardin, then the county town.



And we have sworn an holie oath—  
 Before the sunne go down  
 We here shall taste of well-boiled flesh,  
 And barley-broath so brown !”

Then up the Sheriffe got in haste  
 To look wythin the pottle :  
 He fain would see gyf flesh was there,  
 But surelie it was not.

But then, as farther to enquire  
 Hys wordes he dyd begyn,  
 Thae turned hym o’er the caldron’s brym  
 And hurlit hym heddelong in.

He turned hym round wyth manie plash ;  
 At whyche the knyghts dyd smyle,  
 And held hym down wyth stycks and staves,  
 Most horryd and most vyle !

And now that he is seethed full well,  
 What moe had thae a-do,  
 But to fulfyll thaer wycked oath,  
 And make the kyng’s word true ?

Ilk had an horne to suppe wythal ;  
 And thus it came to pass,  
 Thae took an mouthfull of the broth:—  
 The human broth it was !

Thae looked lycke deevyls at thaer feaste  
 In hell’s black cave below—  
 I would not been among thaer crew  
 For Barclay’s land and moe.

### Parte III.

THE knyght has sent hys serving menne  
In secret haste awaie,  
To spie some place besyde the sea  
Where he mote safelie staie.

The land of Mathers all was hys,  
And onne the steepie shore  
A fearfull rocke\* looks o'er the waves,  
A-lystening to their roar.

So there thae buyld a lordlie kaim  
All onne the stonie rock,  
Which mote defie the sovereign's arms,  
And eke the tempest's shock,

It mounted even from the clyffe,  
Most fryghtfull to be seen :  
Twae yron yettes dyd stand before  
And a deepe fosse between.

\* There are two rocks,—the deep rent between them being about a yard wide. A portion of one of the towers still remains on the most westerly rock; and on the other (which communicates with the land, and by which alone one can descend) are the ruins of battlements. It may be remarked, that this spot is supposed to be the scene where Macdui committed the murder in the romance of St. Kathleen.

Now comes the gloomie murderer  
 Up from the murkie ground,  
 Whereyn hys ladie hyd him safe  
 From danger all around.

For sure the kyng sent forth hys lawes,  
 Wyth manie menne abroad,  
 And horses, all caparysoned,  
 To meet hym on the road.

'Twas "noon of nyght"—which tyme he chose  
 To speed hym on the waie :  
 Ne honest manne would shun the lyght  
 That beameth in the daie.

Hys ladye on a palfrie rode,  
 And eke hys lyttle one ;\*  
 And all so near unto the Kaim  
 As you mote caste a stone.

And there thae met the horsemene, who  
 Informed were bie spyes :—  
 Now all hys guyltless famylie  
 Sent forth most pyteous cryes.

"Stand back, sed he, or bie the Godde  
 Who thys strong arm dyd make,†  
 I'll cleave thie helmet to thie beard ;  
 Whereat youre troope shall quake."

\* Afterwards Colonel David Barclay, who purchased Urie in 1633.

† The Barclays of Urie were remarkable for their size and strength.

“O knave !” quod then the horsemanne bold,  
 “What man would yield to thee,  
 Sith thou wouldst boyl hys bodie all,  
 And eat hym wyth the brie.

But yield thieself, thou man-eater !  
 Thie wife and menials all ;  
 And sue for pardonne to the kyng,  
 Wha syttes at Sterlyng’s hall.”

Ne moe of parlie dyd they holde  
 And broyl of scoffing words,  
 But forth thae drew the sheenyng steel  
 And clashed thaer fyerie swordes.

Lycke terryer dog wyth furyous brock  
 Thae grippet each other round,  
 Tyll Urie wrung the horsemanne’s neck,  
 And flung him onne the ground.\*

But now the sudden raid is o’er ;  
 And who hoth wonne the daie ?  
 The knyght hath slayne the leader bold ;  
 But the ladye is borne awaie.

And Urie heard her dolefull cries,  
 But could ne helpe hys dame :  
 For why ? The horsemenne followed fast  
 As he ran to the Kaim.

\* About the place here described, viz., a stone-cast from the Kaim, there were dug up several human bones by the tenant of West Mathers, while improving that part of the farm.

Now see hym there, a woefull wretch,  
 In drearie prison pent ?  
 No teares, nor sighes, nor wordes had he  
 To give hys sorrows vent.

But sometimes mopyng bie himself,  
 All mournfull and alone,  
 Ye would have heard hym strike the floor  
 And utter forth a groan.

Hys food was aye the aiten cake,  
 Hys drink the lympe well ;  
 Ne could he look on sodden flesh—  
 He shuddered at the smell.

All long and yrksome was hys nyght  
 As he did watch to see  
 The moonbeams dancing on the waves  
 So sheen and merry lie :

He heard the hawk whoop round the tower,  
 He heard the sea-mew screame ;  
 And the roaring waves that shook the rock  
 Would shake hym from hys dream.

All long and yrksome was the daie,  
 As he dyd sytte and spie  
 The seals dysporting in the sea.  
 Tossing the waters hygh.

He saw the salmon spryng at even  
 The coote and wylde-ducke swym ;  
 But though they all were verie glad,  
 Ne gladness was for hym.

Thys was the lyfe of the gloomie knyght,  
 Untyll the daie dyd come  
 When good Kyng James hys pardon made,  
 And called hym to hys home.\*

Now woe betyde the cruel deed !  
 And woe betyde the pain !  
 And grant good Godde that never more  
 The lycke may come again !

\* He was pardoned by James II., because he was a distant relation of the Arbutnott family, i.e., he claimed the privilege of Clan Macduff, and paid the fine for homicide and obtained pardon.





## DEN-FINELLA.

THIS romantic, sylvan-deep “Witch” Den, which is famed for its *rare ferns, &c.*, at the rocky bottom of which the Finella rivulet, meanders to its entrance into the sea. About the middle of the den, and immediately under the ivy-clad bridge of the Montrose and Bervie turnpike-road, 7 miles N.E. from Montrose is a beautiful waterfall of 150 feet :—

“Look down, behold the ceaseless waterfall,  
Leaping a hundred fifty feet o’er the rocky wall,  
Charming the eye with one gigantic leap  
Into the gulph below, wild, dark, and deep !”

This far-famed Den derives its name from Lady Finella, daughter of the Celtic Earl, or Maormor of Angus, (the boundaries of which then extended to Fettercairn) and wife of the lord of the Mearns, who is said to have planned the murder of Kenneth III. (970-994) at Fettercairn, out of revenge for Kenneth having executed her son for treason. *Wyntoun* writes :—

“ . . . scho couth nocht do that be mycht  
Scho made thame traytouris be hyr slyght ;

While in the following quaint lines, he points to Kenneth's own court as the regicides :—

“ As throw the Mernys on a day  
The Kyng was rydan hys hey way,  
Of hys awyn Curt al suddanly  
Agayne hym ras a cumpany  
Into the Towne of Fethyrkerne :  
To fecht wyth hym thai ware sa yherne,  
And he agayne them faucht sa fast ;  
Bot he thare slayne was at the last.”

*vide—Wyntown's Cronykle p.p. 182-3  
and Jervise's Memorials p.p. 84-5.*

And *Smibert* writes :—One may fairly trace the jealousy existing betwixt the Scottish and Pictish lines, in this event. *Finella* was pursued and captured in this Den ; and finished her days on the scaffold.

**DEN FINELLA** is spanned by the viaduct of the Montrose and Bervie railway 137 feet high. The west half of it belongs to Captain David Scott Porteous, Esq. of Lauriston Castle and Mathers ; chief of his name, and representative of the ancient Knightly family of Hawkshaw. His crest is a falcon rising, proper, jessed and belled, or. Mottoes—*Let the hawk shaw ; and I wait my time.*

The east side of this Den belongs to John Orr, Esq. of Bridgeton (Den Finella) and Bridgeston House, a pretty mansion, which was remodelled with additions in 1853-64, by the late proprietor Colonel William Adam Orr, C.B. and A.D.C. to the Queen—who placed a white marble panel over the entrance doorway converse with his crest—Out of a heart, a dexter hand holding a cimitar, proper, within a garter, on which is the Motto—*True to the end*, and from



which are suspended the *Star* and *Jewel* of a K.C.B. This mansion stands amid goodly gardens, and romantic grounds, about 400 yards north-east from the ivy-clad bridge and gushing waterfall ; and the Montrose and Bervie railway passes about 200 yards south of this capacious mansion, which is 7 miles north-east from Montrose.

Great caution is required on visiting this romantic Den ; as some years ago a gentleman overbalanced himself in looking down at the waterfall, and fell into the black pool and was drowned ; again, in the summer of 1878 two young lads belonging to Montrose fell down the steep rocky braes a little below the railway viaduct, and were killed.

## VERSES ON DEN-FINELLA.

NEAR LAURISTON.

**F**AIL ! Den-finella, great in glory !  
 Far-famed in Caledonian story !  
 What time Finella as we learn,  
 Shed Kenneth's blood at Fettercairn ;  
 And when pursued with hue and cry,  
 She fled in thy thick gloom to lie,  
 Until drawn forth to open day,  
 To cruel death she fell a prey,  
 And sprinkled with her blood thy shades,  
 And purpled all thy rocks and glades.

So much for fame in days of old ;—  
 Come, Muse, its modern state unfold :  
 And sing, now *Nature* leans to *Art*,  
 How *Taste* appears in every part,  
 With devious walks, wood-arched over,  
 Retirement fit for sage or lover :  
 How diff'rent trees here harmonize,  
 Of every tinge, and shape and size,  
 Converting day to twilight drear,  
 As from its sides their heads they rear,  
 To cover from the prying eye  
 The stream below, that wimples by.

In midst of this retreat there stands  
 A ruin formed by mortal hands,  
 A rock it seems on nature's plain,\*  
 Like that vast pile on *Cloach-na-bean* ;  
 But by some slight, a bridge 'tis grown,  
 For here a rustic arch is hewn,  
 In semblance scooped from rugged stone,  
 And joining both the banks in one.  
 Beneath the bridge's seaward side,†  
 A cat'ract pours its furious tide,  
 Descending quick, with headlong tumble,  
 With deafening din and howling grumble,

\* The new bridge harmonizes well with the grand scenery, of which it forms a part, the exterior being rude and unhewn, like the neighbouring rocks.

† The perpendicular height from the top of the parapet to the bottom of the pool is about 150 feet. When the rivulet is swelled by rain or melted snow, the cataract presents a most sublime spectacle, when beheld from a place formed in the rock, from whence an observer fully enjoys the view, which, to be sufficiently admired, must be seen.

Into a gulf immense, profound,  
 Whence Echo swells the thundering sound ;  
 Dark clustering trees the dungeon hide,  
 And in its womb from side to side,  
 The element enraged boils,  
 And from the rocky sides recoils,  
 Then leaps, and foams, and darts away,  
 In hidden path, with angry spray,  
 And hides to Ocean's bed for rest,  
 With such turmoil right sore opprest.

The way-ward wight, with hasty pace,  
 Who stops not from this bridge to gaze,  
 Is self-condemned—a clod of nature !  
 Devoid of soul, in every feature :  
 Nor stands he higher, who in state,  
 Is marked and numbered with the great,  
 That halts not here, to see and wonder,  
 And on such scenery to ponder ;  
 For Art and Nature both combined  
 Must charm and elevate the mind'



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